

HOURS AT HOME ;

A POPULAR

MONTHLY OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

VOL. VII.

MAY, 1868.

No. 1.

DIES IRAE.*

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla. 2. Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus! 3. Tuba, mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum. 4. Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura. 5. Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur. 6. Iudex ergo quum sedebit
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit. 7. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Day of wrath, that woful day,
Shall the world in ashes lay;
David and the Sibyl say. 2. What a trembling, what a fear,
When the dread Judge shall appear,
Strictly searching far and near! 3. Hark! the trumpet's wondrous tone,
Through sepulchral regions blown,
Summons all before the throne. 4. Death shall shiver, nature quake,
When the creatures shall awake,
Answer to their Judge to make. 5. Lo, the Book of ages spread,
From which all the deeds are read
Of the living and the dead. 6. Now before the Judge severe
All things hidden must appear,
Nought shall pass unpunished here. 7. Wretched man, what shall I plead,
Who for me will intercede,
When the righteous mercy need? |
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* LITERATURE: G. C. F. MOHNIKE: *Kirchen- und literarhistorische Studien und Mittheilungen*. Stralsund, 1824, 1 Bd. 1 Heft. (*Beiträge zur alten kirchlichen Hymnologie*) p. 1-111. G. W. FINK: *Thomas von Celano*, in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopædie*, Sect. I. Bd. xvi. p. 7-10. F. G. LISCO: *Dies Irae. Hymnus auf das Weltgericht*. Berlin, 1840. To this must be added an appendix to the same author's monograph on the *Stabat Mater*, Berlin, 1843, where he notices seventeen additional translations of the *Dies Irae*. (I have not been able to procure Lisco's first volume, but found a copy of the second in the Astor Library.) W. R. WILLIAMS: *Miscellanies*, 2d ed., New York, 1850, p. 78-90. (A note to an address on the Conservative Prin-

ciple in our Literature.) H. A. DANIEL: *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, Lips. Tom. ii. (1855) pp. 103-131, and Tom. v. (1856) pp. 110-116. C. E. KOCH: art. *Dies Irae*, in Herzog's *Theol. Encycl.* vol. iii. (1855) p. 387 and 388 (brief.) ABRAHAM COLES, M.D., Ph.D.: *Dies Irae in thirteen original versions, with Photographic Illustrations*. New York, 4th ed., 1866. RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH: *Sacred Latin Poetry*. 2d ed., Lond. and Cambridge, 1866, p. 293-301. Compare also the anonymous publication: *The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church*, New York, 3d ed., 1867, pp. 44-97. where seven English translations of the *Dies Irae* are given, viz., those of Gen. Dix, Roscommon, Crashaw, Irons, Slosson, and two of Coles.

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| <p>8. Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.</p> <p>9. Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae;
Ne me perdas illa die.</p> <p>10. Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.</p> <p>11. Justæ judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.</p> <p>12. Ingemisco tamquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus.</p> <p>13. Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.</p> <p>14. Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed Tu, bone, fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.</p> <p>15. Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.</p> <p>16. Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acerbis addictis;
Voca me cum benedictis.</p> <p>17. Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis.</p> <p>18. [Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus!</p> <p>19. Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.]</p> | <p>8. King of dreadful majesty,
Author of salvation free,
Fount of pity, save Thou me.</p> <p>9. Recollect, good Lord, I pray,
I have caused Thy bitter way,
Don't forget me on that day.</p> <p>10. Weary satt'st Thou seeking me,
Diedst redeeming on the tree:
Let such toil not fruitless be.</p> <p>11. Judge of righteousness severe,
Grant me full remission here
Ere the reckoning day appear.</p> <p>12. Sighs and tears my sorrow speak,
Shame and grief are on my cheek:
Mercy, mercy, Lord, I seek.</p> <p>13. Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive,
And absolve the dying thief:
Even I may hope relief.</p> <p>14. Worthless are my prayers, I know:
Yet, O Lodd, thy mercy show,
Save me from eternal woe.</p> <p>15. Make me with Thy sheep to stand
Far from the convicted band,
Placing me at thy right hand.</p> <p>16. When the cursed are put to shame,
Cast into devouring flame,
With the Blest then call my name.</p> <p>17. Suppliant at Thy feet I lie,
Contrite in the dust I cry,
Care Thou for me when I die.</p> <p>18. [Full of tears and full of dread,
Is the day that wakes the dead,
Calling all with solemn blast
From the ashes of the past.</p> <p>19. Lord of mercy! Jesu blest,
Grant the faithful peace and rest.
Amen.]</p> |
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This is the marvelous *Dies Irae*, according to the received text in the Roman Missal.* The last six lines I have put in brackets, because they are no part of the original poem. The translation placed alongside of the Latin is to some extent taken from, or suggested by, the versions of Caswall and Alford, and, without claiming poetic merit, adheres closely to the original, except in substituting the single for the double rhyme, as being more congenial to the monosyllabic character of the

English language. The last six lines are literally copied from Caswall.

CONTENTS OF THE POEM.

* See the Latin text in the Roman Missal, and with various readings, in Mohnike, l. c. p. 33 ff., and in Daniel, ii. 103 ff. Mohnike and Daniel give also the text of Felix Hammerlin, which differs considerably and has six additional stanzas at the close, and the text from the marble slab in the Franciscan church at Mantua, which opens with four stanzas not found in the received text. See below.

The *Dies Irae* is variously called *Prosa de mortuis*; *De die judicii*; *In commemoratione Defunctorum*, and is used in the Latin Church, regularly, on the Day of All Souls, (November 2) and, at the discretion of the priest, in masses for the dead and on funeral solemnities, frequently accompanied with music, especially Mozart's *Requiem*, the last masterpiece of that extraordinary genius, which is itself like a wondrous trumpet spreading wondrous sounds. It is a judgment-hymn, based upon the prophetic description of the great Day of the Lord in Zephaniah i. 15, 16: "That day is the day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess,

a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against high towers.*

The first words of this prophecy, according to the Latin translation, *Dies irae, dies illa*, furnished the beginning and the key-note of the poem. In like manner the *Stabat Mater* derived its theme and inspiration from a few words of the Bible in the Vulgate (John xix. 25). Besides this, the author of *Dies Irae* had several other Scripture passages in view, especially 2 Pet. iii. 10-12: "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up," etc.; and the Lord's descriptions of his coming and the general judgment, Matt. xxiv. and xxv. The "tuba mirum spargens sonum," in verse 3, is an allusion to 1 Cor. xv. 52: "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised," and 1 Thess. iv. 16: "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." The "liber scriptus," in verse 5, is the book of life spoken of in Rev. xx. 12. In verse 7 the writer had undoubtedly in mind Job iv. 18, xv. 15, and especially 1 Pet. iv. 18: "If the righteous scarcely be saved (*si justus via salvabitur*), where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" The second line in verse 8 expresses the idea of salvation by free grace as taught Eph. ii. 8; Rom. iii. 24; 2 Tim. i. 9, etc. The first line in verse 10: "Quærens me sedisti (not venisti) lassus," is a touching allusion to the incident related John iv. 6, ("Jesus fatigatus ex itinere, sedebat sic supra fontem") unless it be referred to the whole state of humiliation. Mary, in verse 13, is Mary Magdalene, or the sinful woman to whom Christ said: "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace," Luke vii. 50.

* According to the translation of the Vulgate, "DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA, *dies tribulationis et angustie, dies calamitatis et miserie, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebulae et turbinis, dies tubae et clangoris super civitates munitas et super angelos excelsos.*"

Verses 15 and 16 are suggested by the description of the judgment, Matt. xxv. 33 f.

David is mentioned in the first stanza as the representative of the Old Testament prophets, with reference probably to several Psalms in which the judgment of the world is foretold, as Ps. xcvi. 13 ("He cometh, he cometh to judge the earth; he shall judge the world with righteousness"); cii. 26 ("The heavens shall perish"). In some copies and translations, however, *Peter* is substituted for *David*, on account of 2 Pet. iii. 7-11.

With David is joined the representative of the unconscious prophecies of heathenism, with allusion to the Sibylline oracles of the destruction of the world. The writer no doubt had in view chiefly those lines of Sibylla Erythraea, which form an acrostic on the words $\text{I}\text{H}\text{E}\text{O}\text{U}\text{S}\ \text{X}\text{R}\text{I}\text{S}\text{T}\text{O}\text{S}\ \text{T}\text{H}\text{E}\text{O}\text{T}\text{I}\text{O}\text{S}\ \text{S}\text{O}\text{T}\text{H}\text{R}$, *i. e.* "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour," and which are quoted by Eusebius in Greek, and by St. Augustine in a Latin metrical version, retaining the acrostic form.† This apocryphal feature, though somewhat repugnant to Protestant taste, and hence omitted or altered in many Protestant versions of the poem, is in perfect keeping with the patristic and scholastic use of the Sibylline oracles, the 4th Eclogue of Virgil, and other heathen testimonies of the same kind, for apologetic purposes. It gives the idea of the judgment of the world a universal character, as being founded in the expectations of Gentiles, Jews, and Christians, and indicated by the light of reason as well as the voice of revelation. The mediæval painters likewise place the Sibyl alongside of the prophets of Israel.

The poem, without any prelude, brings before us at once its awful theme, with an exclamation from the Scriptures that rouses the inmost feelings. It is an act of humiliation and prayer in view of the impending day of judgment. The poet

† Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, lib. xviii. cap. 23. The oracle consists of 27 lines, and commences:

"Iudicii signum tellus sudore madescet.

Ec Rex advenit per saecula futurus:

Scilicet in carne praesens ut iudicet orbem."

is the single actor and prays for himself. He first describes the general judgment as a certain fact, with its accompanying terrors; then he gives expression to the sense of guilt and dismay, and ends with a prayer for mercy, which prompted Christ to die for poor sinners, to forgive Mary Magdalene, and to promise the penitent robber, in his dying hour, a seat in paradise.

The original poem appropriately closes with the words: *Gere curam mei finis*. The last six lines break the unity and symmetry of the poem, they differ from the rest in rhyme and measure, and turn the attention from the writer to the departed faithful as the subject of his prayer (*huic, eis*). They are, therefore, an addition by another hand, probably from a funeral service already in public use.

CHARACTER AND VALUE.

The *Dies Irae* is the acknowledged masterpiece of Latin church poetry, and the greatest judgment-hymn of all ages. No single poem of any nation or language has acquired such a celebrity, and been the subject of so much praise and comment. It has no rival. It stands solitary and alone in its glory, and will probably never be surpassed.

"It would be difficult," says Coles, "to find, in the whole range of literature, a production to which a profounder interest attaches than to that magnificent canticle of the middle ages, the *Dies Irae*. Among poetic gems it is the diamond." The Germans call it, with reference to its majesty and antique massiveness, the hymn of giants (*Gigantenhymnus*). In simplicity and faith it fully equals an older anonymous judgment-hymn of the seventh or eighth century, commencing: *Apparebit repentina magna dies Domini*; while in lyric fervor and effect, as well as in majesty and terror, it far surpasses it and all the numerous imitations of later times. The *Stabat Mater dolorosa* bears many points of resemblance, being likewise the product of the Franciscan order, a regular part of the Catholic worship, the theme of glorious musical compositions, and multiplied by a large number of translations. It is equal, or even superior, to

the *Dies Irae* in pathos, but does not reach its ardor, purity, power and grandeur, and can never find a place in a Protestant hymn-book without serious alteration.

The *Dies Irae* breathes, it is true, the mediæval spirit of legalistic rather than of joyous evangelical piety, and looks forward to the solemn winding-up of the world's history with feelings of dread rather than of hope and joy. The concluding prayer for the dead, which, however, is a later addition, implies that the souls of the departed may be benefited by the prayers of the living. But with this slight exception the poem is quite free from every objectionable feature of Romanism, while the two famous *Stabat Mater*s (the *Mater dolorosa*, and its companion, the recently-discovered *Mater speciosa*) are strongly tinged with Mariolatry. It represents salvation as an act of the free grace of Christ, "*qui salvandos salvat gratis*." And in the lines, *Quem patronum rogaturus, Quum vix justus sit securus*, it virtually renounces the doctrine of the advocacy of the Virgin and the Saints, and takes refuge only in Christ. Beneath the drifting mass of mediæval traditions there was an undercurrent of simple faith in Christ, which meets us in the writings of St. Anselm, St. Bernard, and in the inimitable *Imitation of Christ* by Thomas a Kempis. Hence the *Dies Irae* is as much admired by Protestants as by Roman Catholics. Protestant writers have done most for its illustration and translation.

The secret of its beauty and power lies first in the intensity of Christian feeling with which its great theme is handled. The poet realizes the impending judgment of the world as an awful and overpowering fact that is as certain as the approach of night. He hears the trumpet of the archangel sounding through the open sepulchres. He sees the dead rising from the dust of ages, and stands aghast before the final conflagration and collapse of the universe. He sees the Son of Man seated in terrific majesty on the judgment throne, with the open book of the deeds of ages, dividing the good from the bad and pronouncing the irrevocable

sentence of everlasting weal and everlasting woe. And with the spirit of an humble penitent he pleads for mercy, mercy at the hands of Him who left his throne of glory and died on the cross for the salvation of sinners. The poem is in the highest degree pathetic, a cry from the depth of personal experience, and irresistibly draws every reader into sympathetic excitement. That man is indeed to be pitied who can read it with out shaking and quivering with emotion.

The second element of its power lies in the inimitable form which commands the admiration of every man of taste as well as of piety. Whatever there is of dignity, majesty and melody in the old Roman tongue is here combined in rugged vigor and unadorned simplicity, as in no other poem, heathen or Christian, and is made subservient to the one grand idea of the poem. It is onomatopoeic. It echoes, as well as human language can do, the storm and wrath, the trembling and wailing of the final wreck of the material universe. Every word sounds like the peal of an organ, or like the trumpet of the archangel summoning the dead to endless bliss or to endless woe. The stately metre, the triple rhyme, the selection of the vowels in striking adaptation to the sense and feeling, heighten and complete the effect upon the ear and the heart of the hearer. The music of the vowel assonances and consonances, e. g., the double u in 2 and 7 st. (*futurus, venturus, discussurus; dicturus, rogaturus, securus*), the o and u in 3 st. (*sonum, regionum, thronum*), the i and e in 9 st. (*pie, viae, die*), defy the skill of the best translators in any language.

OPINIONS OF CRITICS.

We add the judgments of eminent critics.

Frederick von Meyer, the author of a highly esteemed revision of Luther's German Bible, in introducing two original translations of the *Dies Irae*, calls it "an awful poem, poor in imagery, all feeling. Like a hammer it beats the human breast with three mysterious rhyme-strokes.*

* "Wie ein Hammer schlägt es mit drei geheimnissvollen Reim-Klängen an die Menschen

With the unfeeling person who can read it without terror or hear it without awe, I would not live under one roof. I wish it could be sounded into the ears of the impenitent and hypocrites every Ash Wednesday, or Good Friday, or any other day of humiliation and prayer in all the churches." (*Der Lichtbote*, Frankfort on the Main, 1806).

Daniel, the learned hymnologist, justly styles the *Dies Irae* "*uno omnium consensu sacrae poeseos summum decus et ecclesiae latinae κεφάλιον pretiosissimum*," and adds: "*Quot sunt verba tot pondera, immo tonitrua.*" (*Thes. hymnol.* ii. p. 112.)

Albert Knapp, one of the greatest religious poets of Germany, compares the Latin original to a blast from the trumpet of the resurrection, and declares it inimitable in any translation. (*Evang. Liederschatz*, 3d ed. p. 1347.)

Dean Milman places it next to the *Te Deum* and remarks: There is nothing, in my judgment, to be compared with the monkish "*Dies irae, dies illa*," or even the "*Stabat Mater*."

Dr. William R. Williams, an eminent Baptist divine, and a scholar of highly cultivated literary taste, has appended to his essay on the "Conservative Principle of our Literature," a fine note on *Dies Irae*, in which he characterizes it thus: "Combining somewhat of the rhythm of classical Latin with the rhymes of the mediæval Latin, treating of a theme full of awful sublimity, and grouping together the most startling imagery of Scripture as to the last judgment, and throwing this into yet stronger relief by the barbaric simplicity of the style in which it is set, and adding to all these its full and trumpet-like cadences, and uniting with the impassioned feelings of the South, whence it emanated, the gravity of the North, whose severer style it adopted, it is well fitted to arouse the hearer." (*Miscellanies*, N. Y., 1850, p. 78.)

Archbishop Trench, who among other useful works has prepared an admirable collection of Latin Church poetry, *brust.*" Daniel, ii. 112, ascribes this admirable description to Guericke (1849), who must have borrowed it from Meyer (1806).

and written one of the best translations of *Dies Irae*, remarks: "The metre so grandly devised, of which I remember no other example,* fitted though it has here shown itself for bringing out some of the noblest powers of the Latin language—the solemn effect of the triple rhyme, which has been likened [by Fred. von Meyer] to blow following blow of the hammer on the anvil—the confidence of the poet in the universal interest of his theme, a confidence which has made him set out his matter with so majestic and unadorned a plainness as at once to be intelligible to all—these merits, with many more, have combined to give the *Dies Irae* a foremost place among the masterpieces of sacred song." (*Sacred Latin Poetry*, 2d ed. p. 296.)

Abraham Coles, the author of thirteen distinct translations of *Dies Irae*, says of it among other things: "Every line weeps. Underneath every word and syllable a living heart throbs and pulsates. The very rhythm or that alternate elevation and depression of the voice which prosodists call the *arsis* and the *thesis*, one might almost fancy were synchronous with the contrition and the dilatation of the heart. It is more than dramatic. The horror and the dread are real, are actual, not acted!"

"The *Dies Irae*," to quote from the celebrated French philosopher V. Cousin, "recited only, produces the most terrible effect. In those fearful words, every blow tells, so to speak; each word contains a distinct sentiment, an idea at once profound and determinate. The intellect advances at each step, and the heart rushes on in its turn." (*Lectures on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good*, p. 177.)

*This is an error. There are verses of striking resemblance attributed by some to St. Bernard, but probably of much later date (see Mohnike, l. c. p. 9):

"Quum recordor moriturus
 Quid post mortem sim futurus,
 Terror terret me venturus,
 Quem expecto non securus.
 Terret dies me terroris,
 Dies irae ac furoris,
 Dies luctus ac moeroris,
 Dies ultrix peccatoris,
 Dies irae, dies illa."

Mrs. Charles, the accomplished authoress of the "Schönberg - Cotta Family" and other popular works, thus speaks of the *Dies Irae*: "That hymn rose alone in a comparative pause, as if Christendom had been hushed to listen to its deep music, ranging as it does through so many tones of human feeling, from the trembling awe and the low murmurs of confession, to tender, pathetic pleading with One who, though the 'just, avenging Judge, yet sate weary on the well of Samaria, seeking the lost, trod the mournful way, and died the bitterest death for sinful men. Its supposed author, Thomas of Celano, in the Abruzzo, lived during the fourteenth century, was a Franciscan monk, and a personal friend of St. Francis himself, whose life he wrote. But so much doubt has hung about the authorship, and if Thomas of Celano was the author, so little is known of him—even the date of his birth and death not being ascertained—that we may best think of the *Dies Irae* as a solemn strain sung by an invisible singer. There is a hush in the great choral service of the universal Church, when suddenly, we scarcely know whence, a single voice, low and trembling, breaks the silence; so low and grave that it seems to deepen the stillness, yet so clear and deep that its softest tones and words are heard throughout Christendom, and vibrate throughout every heart—grand and echoing as an organ, yet homely and human as if the words were spoken rather than sung. And through the listening multitudes solemnly that melody flows on, sung not to the multitudes, but 'to the Lord,' and therefore carrying with it the hearts of men, till the singer is no more solitary, but the selfsame tearful, solemn strain pours from the lips of the whole Church as if from one voice, and yet each one sings it as if alone, to God." (*The Voice of Christian Life in Song*, N. Y. 1864, p. 170.)

Edwards and Park, in their *Selections from German Literature*, (Andover, 1839, p. 185) quote the remark of Tholuck, as to the deep sensation produced by the singing of this hymn in the University church at Halle: "The impression, espe-

cially that which was made by the last words, as sung by the University choir alone, will be forgotten by no one." An American clergyman, present on the occasion, said: "It was impossible to refrain from tears, when, at the seventh stanza, all the trumpets ceased, and the choir, accompanied by a softened tone of the organ, sung those touching lines—

'Quid sum miser tunc dicturus.'

Literary men and secular poets have been captivated by the *Dies Irae* as well as men in full religious sympathy with its solemn thoughts and feelings. Goethe introduced several stanzas with thrilling effect in the cathedral scene of Faust to stir up the conscience of poor Margaret, who is seized with horror at the thought of the sounding trump, the trembling graves, and the fiery torment. Justinus Kerner makes good use of it in his poem *Die Wahnmüthigen Brüder*, where four impious brothers enter a church to ridicule religion, but are suddenly brought to pause and repent, by hearing this judgment hymn. Dr. Johnson, with his coarse, yet noble and manful nature, could never repeat the stanza ending thus, "*Tantus labor non sit cassus*," without bursting into a flood of tears. The Earl of Roscommon, "not more learned than good," in the moment in which he expired, uttered with the most fervent devotion two lines of his own version:

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!"

Sir Walter Scott happily reproduced some stanzas of the *Dies Irae* in English, and, following the example of Goethe, inserted them in the sixth canto of his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." On his dying bed, when the strength of his body and mind was failing, he was distinctly overheard repeating portions of the Latin original. In a letter to Crabbe, he remarks: "To my Gothic ear, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Irae*, and some of the other hymns of the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan; the one has the gloomy dignity of a Gothic church, and reminds us constantly of the worship to which it is dedicated; the other is more like a pagan

temple, recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities."

The *Dies Irae* has also given rise to some of the greatest musical compositions of Palestrina, Durante, Pergolese, Haydn, Vogler, Winter, Cherubini, Gottfried Weber, Neukomm, and of Mozart, in his famous *Requiem*, during the composition of which he died (1791).

ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

The author of *Dies Irae* was unconcerned about his fame, and probably unconscious of the merits of the poem, as he certainly was of its unparalleled success. He wrote it from a sort of inward necessity and under the power of an inspiration which prompts every great work of genius. His object was to excite himself and others to repentance by a description of the terrors of the judgment day. The poem emanated from a subjective state of mind, probably without any regard to public use, but was soon found to be admirably adapted for divine worship on solemn occasions, especially the day for the commemoration of the departed. The deepest subjectivity in lyric poetry often proves to be the highest order of objectivity. The same may be said of the hymns of Paul Gerhardt and many Moravian hymns.

The authorship of *Dies Irae* cannot be certainly fixed; it became early a subject of dispute between rival monastic orders. There is no positive evidence to decide the question, but the probability is in favor of THOMAS È CELANO, so called from a little town in Abruzzo ulteriore in Italy. He was an intimate friend and the first biographer of St. Francis of Assisi,* Superior of the Franciscan Convents at Cologne, Mayence, Worms and Speyer, and died, after his return to Italy, about A. D. 1255.

The very first notice of the poem, which, however, is one hundred and fifty years later than the age of the supposed author, ascribes it to Thomas. This notice is found in a superstitious book entitled, *Liber con-*

* His biography of St. Francis, known under the name of *Legenda Antiqua*, is published in the *Acta Sanctorum* for October, tom. ii. Moh-nike, l. c. p. 30, is in error on this point, when he says it was never printed.

formitatum, written in 1385 by a Franciscan monk, Bartholomæus Albizzi of Pisa (died 1401), in which he tries to show, by forty points of comparison, that St. Francis of Assisi became completely conformed to our Saviour, especially by the impression of the five stigmata on his body.*

Here he speaks incidentally of brother Thomas à Celano in this way: "*Locum habet Celani de quo fuit frater Thomas, qui mandato Apostolico [i. e. by order of Pope Gregory IX.] scripsit sermone politico legendam primam beati Francisci, et* PROSAM DE MORTUIS QUÆ CANTATUR IN MISSA 'DIES IRÆ,' ETC. DICITUR FECISSE." This passage proves only the existence of a tradition in favor of the authorship of Thomas and the use of the *Dies Irae* in the mass toward the close of the fourteenth century.

The learned and laborious Irish historian of the Franciscans, Lucas Wadding (born 1580, died 1657), in his two works, *Annales Minorum* (1625—1654) and *Scriptores Ordinis Minorum* (1650), defends the tradition, though without positive proof, and ascribes to Thomas two other hymns besides, both in honor of St. Francis.† He is followed by Rambach, Mohnike, Finke, Lisco, Daniel, Mone, Koch, Palmer, Trench, W. R. Williams, Coles, and nearly all the modern writers on the subject. Mohnike, after a careful examination of the question of authorship, arrives at the conclusion (l. c. p. 31): "Thomas of Celano must be regarded as the author of the *Dies Irae* until—what can scarcely be expected—it can be irrefragably proven that another composed it."

There is no doubt that his claims are much stronger than those of any other to whom the rivalry of monastic orders or the conjecture of critics has ascribed the

authorship; viz. Gregory the Great, (†604) St. Bernard, (†1153), St. Bonaventura (†1274), Latinus Frangipani, also called Malabranca, a Dominican (†1296), Thurston Archbishop of York (†1140), Felix Hämmerlin, (Malleolus) of Zurich, 1389 to 1457.

The extraordinary religious fervor and devotion which characterizes the early history of the Franciscan order, may be considered as an argument of internal probability for the authorship of Thomas à Celano. The other two hymns ascribed to him, though far inferior in merit, are by no means destitute of poetical merit. Many a poet has risen for once, under the power of inspiration, far above the level of his ordinary works. St. Francis himself was a poetic nature. Another Franciscan monk Jacopone, who died half a century after Thomas, is the reputed author of the *Stabat Mater*, which stands next to the *Dies Irae* in the whole range of Latin hymnology. We are indebted, in all probability, to the Franciscan order for the most sublime, as well as for the most pathetic hymn of the middle ages.

Mone (*Lateinische Hymnen des Mittelalters*, 1853, vol. i. p. 408) has suggested the idea that the *Dies Irae* arose, not as heretofore supposed, from the individual contemplation of a monk in his lonely cell, but was intended for the funeral service of the church, and inspired by older judgment hymns in public use. In one of these, which he found in a MS. at Reichenau from the 12th or 13th century, the passage occurs:

"Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurgens ex favilla
Homo reus judicandus."

The closing suspirium and prayer for the departed,

"Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis requiem,"

is likewise found in older hymns and missals. Mone conjectures that the author of *Dies Irae* himself appended these closing lines to his poem, since they did not fit in his triple rhyme.* Daniel (tom. v. p. 110) and Philip Wackernagel (*Das*

* On this book and the stigmatization miracle, compare an interesting essay of Tholuck on the Miracles of the Catholic Church, in his *Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 97 ff.

† The one commencing *Fregit victor virtualis*, the other *Sanctitatis nova signa*. Wadding supposed that these poems were lost; but the first was printed in one of the earlier Paris Missals, the other in the *Acta Sanctorum* for Oct. 2, p. 301, and both in Daniel's *Thes. hymnol.* tom. v. p. 314, 317. Comp. Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 295 (2d ed.).

* Mohnike was in error when he declared the last six lines "ein späteres Machwerk" (l. c. p. 43).

deutsche Kirchenlied von der ältesten Zeit, etc. vol. i. p. 138) are disposed to adopt his view. But it seems to me much more probable that the original poem closed with *Gere curam mei finis*, and that the remaining six lines, with their different versification and the change from the first person to the third, (*huic* and *eis*) were added from older sources by the compilers of mediæval missals. Then we have a perfectly uniform production, free from any allusion to purgatory or other Romish features.

The poem cannot be traced beyond the thirteenth century.* In the second half of the fourteenth it was in public use in Italy. From the land of its birth it gradually passed into the church service

1. "Cogita (Quæso), anima fidelis,
Ad quid respondere velis
Christo venturo de cœlis.
2. Cum deposcet rationem
Ob boni omissionem,
Ob mali commissionem.
3. Dies illa, dies iræ,
Quam conemur prævenire,
Obviamque Deo iræ,
4. Seria contritione,
Gratiæ apprehensione,
Vitæ emendatione."

Then follows the "Dies irae, dies illa," as we now have it from the first to the sixteenth stanza, ending with,

"Voca me cum benedictis."

Instead of the eighteenth stanza and the last six lines, the Mantuan text offers this concluding stanza :

"Consorts ut beatitatis
Vivam cum justificatis
In ævum æternitatis. Amen!"

Dr. Mohnike, of Stralsund, who published this text (l. c. p. 45-47) in 1824, as he supposed, for the first time, from a manuscript copy made in the seventeenth century by Charisius, burgomaster of Stralsund (1676),† regards it as the original form of the hymn, or at least as coming nearest to it. This conjecture, which is adopted by Dr. W. R. Williams,

* Daniel (ii. p. 113): "Ipsium nimirum carminis natura indicat, illud multo magis postquam ante Thomæ Celanensis ætatem in lucem prodidiisse."

† Charisius, however, copied his text not directly from the original at Mantua, but, as Daniel shows, (ii. 118) from the Florilegium Magnum, published at Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1621, p. 1862, without any allusion to

of other countries, scattering along its track "the luminous footprints of its victorious progress as the subduer of hearts."

The question as to the primitive text of the *Dies Irae* must be decided in favor of the received text in the Missals. We have besides two texts which differ from the received, not only by a number of verbal variations, but also in length. One of these texts is said to be inscribed on a marble slab of the Church of St. Francis of Assisi at Mantua, and opens with the following four stanzas, which serve as an introduction and give the poem the aspect of a solitary devotional meditation :

1. "Weigh with solemn thought and tender,
What response, thou, soul, wilt render,
Then when Christ shall come in splendor.
2. And thy life shall be inspected,
All its hidden guilt detected,
Evil done and good neglected.
3. For that day of vengeance neareth :
Ready be each one that heareth
God to meet when He appeareth,
4. By repenting, by believing,
By God's offered grace receiving,
By all evil courses leaving."

"That in fellowship fraternal
With inhabitants supernal
I may live the life eternal. Amen!"

(*Miscellanies*, p. 80) and Dr. Coles, (p. xiv.) derives some support from the fact that other hymns were abridged or altered for the Missal and the Breviary (e. g., St. Bernard's "Jesu dulcis memoria"). But this consideration is overruled by the questionable date of the Mantuan inscription, as compared with the present text, which is already mentioned in 1385, and by the evident inferiority of the introductory stanzas, which are flat and prosy compared with the rest. There could be no more startling and majestic opening than the ancient

the Mantuan inscription. This work reads in the first line *Quæso* for *Cogita*.

Scripture words, "Dies irae, dies illa." The "Stabat Mater," likewise, opens with a scripture sentence.

The second rival of the received text is found among the poems of Felix Hämmerlin (Malleolus) of Zurich, a distinguished ecclesiastic of his age, a member of the Councils of Constance and Basel, and a reformer of various abuses, who ended his life (A. D. 1457) in the prison of the Franciscan convent at Luzerne. Among

18. "Lacrymosa die illa,
Cum resurget ex favilla,
Tamquam ignis ex scintilla,
19. Judicandus homo reus ;
Huic ergo parce, Deus,
Esto semper adiutor meus !
20. Quando cæli sunt movendi,
Dies adsunt tunc tremendi,
Nullum tempus pœnitendi.
21. Sed salvatis læta dies,
Et damnatis nulla quies,
Sed dæmonum effigies.
22. O tu Deus majestatis,
Alme candor trinitatis,
Nunc conjunge cum beatiss.
23. Vitam meam fac felicem,
Propter tuam genericem,
Jesse florem et radicem.
24. Præsta nobis tunc levamen,
Dulce nostrum fac certamen,
Ut clamemus omnes Amen."

Every reader must feel at once that these additions are but weak repetitions of the former verses. They are disfigured, moreover, (ver. 23) by Mariolatry of which the original is entirely free.

The *Dies Irae* did not escape profanation. Some Romish priest, about the year 1700, gratified his hatred of Protestantism by perverting this judgment hymn into a false prophecy of the downfall of Holland and England, which he hoped from the union of the French and Spanish crowns in the Bourbon family. Here are a few specimens of this wretched parody as quoted by Daniel, (vol. v. p. 116) and Williams (Miscellanies, p. 84) :

"Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat fœdus in favilla,
Teste Tago, Scaldi, Scylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Dum Philippus est venturus,
Has paludes aggressurus !

several poems which he composed in prison was found a *Dies Irae*, and was published from the manuscripts of the public library of Zurich, by Leonhard Meister, also by Mohnike, (p. 39–42) and Lisco, (ii. 103–105). It opens like the received text, which it presents with some verbal variations till stanza 17th, and then adds the following seven stanzas, which we give with the translation of Dr. Coles (p. xviii.) :

18. "On that day of woe and weeping
When, like fire from spark upheaving,
Starts, from ashes where he's sleeping,
19. Man account to Thee to render ;
Spare the miserable offender,
Be my Helper and Defender !
20. When the heavens away are flying,
Days of trembling then and crying,
For repentance time denying ;
21. To the saved a day of gladness,
To the damned a day of sadness,
Demon forms and shapes of madness.
22. God of infinite perfection,
Trinity's serene reflection,
Give me part with the election !
23. Happiness upon me shower,
For Thy Mother's sake, with power
Who is Jesse's root and flower.
24. From Thy fulness comfort pour us,
Fight Thou with us or fight for us
So we'll shout, amen, in chorus."

.

*Hic Rex ergo cum sedebit,
Vera fides refulgebit,
Nil Calvino remanebit.*

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem Patronum rogaturus,
Cum nec Anglus sit securus ?

Magne Rector liliorum,
Amor, timor populorum,
Parce terris Batavorum.*

.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed, *Rex magne*, fac benigne,
Ne bomborum cremer igne.

Confutatis *Calvi bratis*,
Patre, nato, restitutis,
Redde mihi spem salutis !

Oro supplex et acclinis
Calvinismus fiat cinis,
Lacrymarum ut sit finis !"

* Louis XIV., of France, in allusion to the lilies on his armorial shield.

TRANSLATIONS OF DIES IRAE.

IN the May number of HOURS AT HOME the space allowed limited us chiefly to the history and literature of this wonderful Hymn. To complete the subject we now present specimens from a large number of the best English and German translations.

No poem has so often challenged and defied the skill of translators and imitators as the *Dies Irae*. A collection of the English and German translations alone would fill a respectable volume. The dictionary of rhyme has been nearly exhausted upon it, and every new attempt must of necessity present points of resemblance to former versions.

But the very fact that it is untranslatable will ever call forth new attempts. The large number of translations proves that none comes fully up to the original. Its music, majesty and grandeur can be only imperfectly rendered. "Its apparent artlessness and simplicity indicate that it can be turned readily into another language, but its secret power refuses to be thus transferred." "The song of Thomas," says Daniel, (*Theo. Hymnol.* II. 121) "is not only in words but in spirit intensely Latin and uncongenial to any other language." He finds the chief difficulty in reproducing the vowel assonances which constitute the musical power and effect of the original.

By far the greatest number of translations are German. Mohnike gives, in full or in part, 24 German versions made prior to 1824. Lisco, in his monograph on the *Dies Irae*, 1840, increased the number to 44. In a subsequent monograph on the *Stabat Mater*, 1843, he republished in full, in three parallel columns, 53 German versions of the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, and, in an appendix, 17 additional versions of *Dies Irae*, of which 15 are German, 1 Greek and 1 French, besides several Dutch. This would make 59 German translations up to the year 1843. But this list was even then by no means complete and has since considerably increased, so that the whole number of German translations now existing can-

not fall short of eighty, if not a hundred. Some of the most eminent poets, as Herder, A. W. Schlegel and A. Knapp, are among the German translators of *Dies Irae*.

Next in number, and upon the whole equal in merit, are the English versions. I have collected over thirty. With the exception of that of Sir Walter Scott, they were unknown to Mohnike and Lisco. They are mostly of recent date. The English language, by its seriousness, solemnity, and vigor, is admirably adapted for the *Dies Irae*, notwithstanding its comparative poverty in double rhymes. The oldest translation (as I learn from Trench, *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 300) was made in 1621 by Sylvester, but I have never seen it. Then followed in 1648 the free and vigorous reproduction of Crashaw, an Anglican clergyman of poetic genius, who from the school of Archbishop Laud went over to the Roman Church. The Earl of Roscommon, a nephew of the Earl of Stafford, and the only virtuous popular poet in a licentious age,

"To whom the wit of Greece and Rome was known,

And every author's merit but his own,"

made a more faithful version, in iambic triplets. In the present century Sir Walter Scott, by his partial reproduction, awakened a new literary interest in the poem, to which we owe the easy and elegant version of Macaulay from the year 1826. High dignitaries and eminent divines of the Church of England, as Archbishop Trench and Dean Alford, adhered more closely to the original. Several members of the Anglo-Catholic school of Oxford, Isaac Williams, W. J. Irons, and E. Caswall, (the last seceded to Rome) furnished excellent translations. In America, ministers and laymen of various denominations took part in this rivalry and nearly or fully doubled the number of English translations. Among them are Dr. W. R. Williams, (Baptist), Dr. H. Mills, (Presbyterian) Dr. Robt. Davidson, (Presbyterian) Charles Rockwell, Edward Slos-

son, Epes Sargent, Erastus C. Benedict, W. G. Dix, John A. Dix, C. F. Weiser.

The palm among English translators must be awarded to an American physician, Abraham Coles, of Newark, N. J. He prepared no less than thirteen distinct versions, six of which are in the trochaic measure and double rhyme of the original, five like in rhythm, but in single

rhyme, one in iambic triplets, like Ros common's, the last in quatrains, like Crashaw's version. The first two appeared anonymously in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, 1847, and a part of one found its way into Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the other into H. W. Beecher's *Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes*.

ENGLISH VERSIONS.

Of these translations I select two of the best in single, and two in double rhyme. Of others I can only give one or two stanzas.

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

O that day, that day of ire,
Told of Prophet, when in fire,
Shall a world dissolved expire!

O what terror shall be then,
When the Judge shall come again,
Strictly searching deeds of men:

When a trump of awful tone,
Thro' the caves sepulchral blown,
Summons all before the throne.

What amazement shall o'ertake
Nature, when the dead shall wake,
Answer to the Judge to make.

Open then the book shall lie,
All o'erwrit for every eye,
With a world's iniquity.

When the Judge His place has ta'en,
All things hid shall be made plain,
Nothing unavenged remain.

What then, wretched! shall I speak,
Or what intercession seek,
When the just man's cause is weak?

King of awful majesty,
Who the saved dost freely free;
Fount of mercy, pity me!

Jesus, Lord, remember, pray,
I the cause was of Thy way;
Do not lose me on that day.

Tired Thou satest, seeking me—
Crucified, to set me free;
Let such pain not fruitless be.

Terrible Avenger, make
Of Thy mercy me partake,
Ere that day of vengeance wake.

As a criminal I groan,
Blushing deep my faults I own;
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

Thou who Mary didst forgive,
And who bad'st the robber live,
Hope to me dost also give.

HENRY ALFORD.

Day of anger, that dread Day
Shall the Sign in Heaven display,*
And the Earth in ashes lay.

O what trembling shall appear,
When His coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear.

When the Trumpet shall command
Through the tombs of every land
All before the Throne to stand.

Death shall shrink and Nature quake,
When all creatures shall awake,
Answer to their God to make.

See the Book divinely penned,
In which all is found contained,
Whence the world shall be arraigned!

When the Judge is on His Throne,
All that's hidden shall be shown,
Naught unfinished or unknown.

What shall I before Him say?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous scarcely may?

King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save Thou me!

Leave me not, my Saviour, one
For whose soul Thy course was run,
Lest I be that day undone.

Thou didst toil my soul to gain;
Didst redeem me with Thy pain;
Be such labor not in vain!

Thou just Judge of wrath severe,
Grant my sins remission here,
Ere Thy reckoning day appear.

My transgressions grievous are,
Scarce look up for shame I dare;
Lord, Thy guilty suppliant spare!

Thou didst heal the sinner's grief,
And didst hear the dying thief;
Even I may hope relief.

* Dean Alford, like Dr. Irons, follows the reading of the Parisian Missal:

Dies irae, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla (Matt. xxiv. 30),
Solvat saeculum in favilla.

Though my prayer unworthy be,
Yet, O set me graciously
From the fire eternal free.

Mid Thy sheep my place command,
From the goats far off to stand;
Set me, Lord, at Thy right hand;
And when them who scorned Thee here
Thou hast judged to doom severe,
Bid me with Thy saved draw near.
Lying low before Thy throne,
Crushed my heart in dust, I groan;
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

W. J. IRONS.

Day of Wrath! O Day of mourning!
See! once more the Cross returning—
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning!
O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heav'n the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!
Wondrous sound the Trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth!
Death is struck, and nature quaking—
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!
Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;—
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.
What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?—
When the just are mercy needing.
King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!
Think, kind Jesu!—my salvation
Caus'd Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me:—
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion!
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!
Thou the sinful woman savest;
Thou the dying thief forgavest
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

All unworthy is my prayer;
Make my soul Thy mercy's care,
And from fire eternal spare!
Place me with Thy sheep, that band
Who shall separated stand
From the goats, at Thy right hand!
When Thy voice in wrath shall say,
Cursèd ones, depart away!
Call me with the blest, I pray!
Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow!
Broken is my heart and low;
Guard of my last end be Thou!
In that day, that mournful day,
When to judgment wakes our clay,
Show me mercy, Lord, I pray!

ABRAHAM COLES. (No. 1.)

Day of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.*
Oh, what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render!
Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.
All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.
Book, where actions are recorded
All the ages have afforded,
Shall be brought and dooms awarded.
When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.
What shall I say, that time pending,
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?
Dreadful King, all power possessing,
Saving freely those confessing,
Save Thou me, O Fount of Blessing!
Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season!
Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted:
Let such travail not be wasted!
Righteous Judge of retribution!
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution!
Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token:
Let the pardoning word be spoken!
Thou, who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,
Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

* I prefer the original form of this stanza as it appeared in the *Newark Daily Advertiser* for 1847.

"Day of wrath, that day of burning,
All shall melt, to ashes turning,
As foretold by seers discerning."

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

With Thy favor'd sheep, O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition—
Hlep me in my last condition!

Ah! that Day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;—
Spare! O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord, Who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed Requiem! Amen.

RICHARD CRASHAW, 1646.

Heard'st thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sibyl sings
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away!

EARL OF ROSCOMMON, (died 1684.)

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, (died 1832.)

That day of wrath, that dreadful day!
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

This partial version, or free reproduction rather, has found its way into nearly every good English and American hymn-book, and thus has become much more popular than any other translation.

LORD MACAULAY, *Christian Observer*, 1826.

On that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away.
Thus the Sibyl sang of old;
Thus bath holy David told.

E. CASWALL. *Lyra Catholica*, 1849.

Nigher still, and still more nigh
Draws the Day of Prophecy,
Doomed to melt the earth and sky.

DR. W. R. WILLIAMS *Miscellanies*, New York, 2nd ed. 1851.

Day of wrath! that day dismaying;—
As the seers of old were saying,
All the world in ashes laying.

HENRY MILLS, D.D., of Auburn, N. Y.

Day of wrath—the sinner dooming,
Earth with all its work consuming,
Scripture warns—that day is coming.

REV. C. Z. WEISER, *Pennsburg*, Pa. 1859.

O Day of wrath! that Day of days
To ashes shall the earth emblaze—
Say David's hymns and Sibyl lays.

Though my prayers be void of merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it,
Lest I endless fire inherit!

Be there, Lord, my place decided,
With Thy sheep, from goats divided
Kindly to Thy right hand guided!

When th' accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blessed to heaven!

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying!

Day of tears and late repentance,
Man shall rise to hear his sentence:
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror!

ROBERT DAVIDSON, D.D., *Huntingdon*, L. I.

Day of wrath! that day is hastening,
All the world in ashes wasting,
David with the Sibyl testing.

EPES SARGENT, Esq.

Day of ire, that day impending,
Earth shall melt, in ashes ending—
Seer and Sibyl so portending.

Rev. CHARLES ROCKWELL.

Day of wrath! oh! direful day!
Earth in flames shall pass away,
Virgil [?] and the Sibyl say.

From Poems by *Somniator*. *Philad. Bulletin*, 1860.

The Sibyl's leaf, the Psalmist's lay
Alike portend a wrathful day,
When heaven and earth shall melt away.

ANONYMOUS.

Day of wrath! that day appalling!
Words of ancient seers recalling:
Earth on fire, in ashes falling.

2. Oh, in hearts of men what trembling,
At that Judge's bar assembling,
Where of sins is no dissembling.

3. Louder and yet louder breaking
From the sky, the caverns shaking,
Angel trumps the dead awaking.

W. G. DIX.

That day of wrath—upon that day
To ashes earth shall pass away,
Both David and the Sibyl say.

3. The trump shall spread its startling sound
Through sepulchres beneath the ground,
And gather all the throne around.

17. Thou gav'st to sinful Mary peace;
Thou to the thief didst grant release:
Let not my hope of pardon cease.

Gen. JOHN A. DIX, 1862.

Day of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

This version, which has been highly praised and widely circulated, was made at Fortress Monroe, Va., during the civil war, in which the brave and patriotic name of General Dix occupies a distinguished place. It presents some striking coincidences with other versions. Take the following specimens :

A. COLES, No. 1, (1847).

13. Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

JOHN A. DIX.

13. Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

W. J. IRONS, (1849).

10. Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11. Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion.

JOHN A. DIX.

10. Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me,
By Thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

11. Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution,
Ere the day of dissolution.

The editor of the "Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church," p. 84, mentions a still more curious resemblance, "with an absolute identity of language in many parts," in an unpublished version of Mr. A. Périès, of Philadelphia, "wherein several stanzas differ but little from those of General Dix." He quotes as a specimen the eleventh, which Périès renders as follows :

"Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant us sinners absolution
Ere the day of dissolution."

Dr. COLES in this stanza had anticipated all three in his first translation of 1847 :

"Righteous Judge of retribution,
Make me gift of absolution
Ere that day of execution."

Compare also Dr. H. MILLS :
Righteous Judge of retribution,
Bless my soul with absolution
Ere that day of execution.

Mrs. CHARLES. (1858.) From *The Voice of Christian Life in Song*, p. 188.

Lo, the Day of Wrath, the Day
Earth and heaven melt away,
David and the Sibyl say.

Stoutest hearts with fear shall quiver,
When to Him who erreth never,
All must strict account deliver.

Lo, the trumpet's wondrous pealing,
Flung through each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the throne compelling.

EDWARD SLOSSON, of the bar of New York.

Day of Wrath! of days that Day!
Earth in flames shall melt away,
Psalmist thus and Sibyl say.

ERASTUS C. BENEDICT, Esq., of New York. Three translations, first published in the *Christian Intelligencer*, 1864, and then in his "Hymn of Hildebert, and other Mediæval Hymns." N. Y., 1867, pp. 108-120.

No. 1.

Day of Wrath! that final day,
Shall the world in ashes lay!
David and the Sibyl say.

No. 2.

Day of threatened wrath from heaven,
To the sinful, unforgiven!
Earth on fire, to ashes driven!

No. 3.

Day of wrath, with vengeance glowing!
Seer and Sibyl long foreknowing!
Earth and time to ruin going!

2. How the guilty world will tremble,
When the Judge shall all assemble,
And not one will dare dissemble!

3. When the trumpet's summons, swelling
Through Death's dark and dusty dwelling,
To the throne is all compelling!

J. HOSKYNs ABRAHALL. From the *Christian Remembrancer*, Jan., 1868.

Day of wrath and tribulation,
Day in vasty conflagration
Heaven and earth together blending,
And the world's long cycle ending—
Know, it cometh; be thou heeding
Hebrew seers and heathen's reading.

ABRAHAM COLES, M. D., Newark, N. J., the author of thirteen versions made between 1847-1859.

No. 1. Day of wrath, that day of burning,
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,
All the world to ashes turning.

No. 2. Day shall dawn that has no morrow,
Day of vengeance, day of sorrow,
As from Prophecy we borrow.

No. 3. Day of Vengeance and of Wages,
Fiery goal of all the ages,
Burden of prophetic pages!

No. 4. Day of Prophecy! it flashes,
Falling spheres together dashes,
And the world consumes to ashes.

- No. 5. Day of vengeance, and of scorning,
World in ashes, world in mourning,
Whereof Prophets utter warning!
- No. 6. Day of wrath and consternation,
Day of fiery consummation,
Propesied in Revelation!
- No. 7. Day of wrath, that day of days,
Present to my thought always.
When the world shall burn and blaze!
- No. 8. O, that dreadful day, my soul!
Which the ages shall unroll,
When the knell of Time shall toll!
- No. 9. Day foretold, that day of ire,
Burden erst of David's lyre,
When the world shall sink in fire!
- No. 10. Lo! it comes, with stealthy feet,
Day, the ages shall complete,
When the world shall melt with heat!
- No. 11. Day of wrath, that day of dole,
When a fire shall wrap the whole,
And the earth be burnt to coal!
- No. 12. O Day of wrath! O day of fate!
Day foreordained and ultimate,
When all things here shall terminate!
- No. 13. That day, that awful Day, the last,
Result and sum of all the Past,
Great necessary day of doom,
When wrecking fires shall all consume!

From the London "*Spectator*" for
March 7, 1868.

The day of wrath, that haunting day
Shall the whole age in ashes lay,
Thus David and the Sybil say.

What terror then shall seize the breast,
When the great Judge is manifest
To institute the awful quest.

The author of this translation makes a singular mistake in referring the *liber scriptus*, ver. 5, to the Bible, while the poet evidently meant the record of all human actions spoken of Dan. vii. 10; Rev. xx. 12.

To add one more attempt to translate the untranslatable I would suggest the following:

Day of wrath! that day foretold
By the saints and seers of old,
Shall the world in flames infold.

GERMAN TRANSLATIONS.

The following specimens will give an idea of the German translations. The first stanza is selected, as it is generally characteristic of the whole.

MARTIN VON COCHEM, 1745.

An jenem Tag, nach David's Sag,
Soll Gottes Zorn erbrinnen:
Durch Feuers Flamm, muss allesamm,
Gleichwie das Wachs zerrinnen.

Mohnike calls this the first proper translation. It is far inferior to Crasshaw's English version, which is a hundred years older.

FRANZ XAVER RIEDEL, 1773.

Am Tag' des Zorns, an jenem Tage
Nach Davids und Sibylleus Sage
Versinket einst in Asche diese Welt.

J. G. VON HERDER, 1801.

Tag des Schreckens! Tag voll Beben!
Wenn die Grüfte sich erheben
Und die Todten wiedergeben.

Herder's version, though superior to its predecessors, is hastily done, and unworthy of his great genius.

A. W. VON SCHLEGEL, 1802.

Jenen Tag, den Tag des Zoren,
Geht die Welt in Brand verloren,
Wie Propheten hoch beschworen.

Welch ein Graun wird sein und Zagen,
Wenn der Richter kommt mit Fragen,
Streng zu prüfen alle Klagen!

Die Posaun' im Wundertone,
Wo auch wer im Grabe wohne,
Rufet alle her zum Throne.

This is the first really good German version, and betrays the skill of a master. Yet Schlegel himself (in a letter to Königsfeld) admitted the failure of the first stanza; *Zoren* for *Zorn* is antiquated, and the *Sibyl* should not be omitted in a faithful version.

FR. VON MEYER, 1806.

Tag des Zorns, mit wildem Raube
Wandelst du die Welt zu Staube,
So bezeugt's der heil'ge Glaube.

CATHOLIC HYMN-BOOK OF MUNICH, 1810.

Erden wanken, Welten beben,
Wenn du, Herr! dich wirst erheben,
Richtend über Tod und Leben..

Ach vor jenen Ungewittern,
Die der Welten Bau erschüttern,
Werden alle Frevler zittern.

This version was made use of in several editions of Mozart's composition in his Requiem.

J. G. FICHTE, the celebrated philosopher, 1814.

Jenen Tag, den Tag der Fülle,
Fällt die Welt in Graus und Stille,
David zeugt's und die Sibylle.

M. F. JÄCK, 1815.

Welche bange Trauerstunde,
Wenn, nach der Propheten Munde,
Glüht die Erd' im Feuerschiunde.

FR. KIND, 1817.

Tag des Zorns, du wirst erfüllen
Davids Wort und der Sibyllen,
Wirst die Welt in Asche hüllen.

AD. L. FOLLEN, 1819.

Tag des Zornes, wann er taget,
Feuerloh die Zeit zernaget,
Wie Sibyll mit David saget.

J. P. SILBERT, 1820.

Tag des Zornes, furchtbar stille,
Du verglühst des Erdballs Fülle,
Zeugt mit David die Sibylle.

3. Hier wird die Posaune klingen,
Wird durch ferne Grüfte dringen,
Alle vor den Thron zu zwingen.
4. Die Natur, der Tod sieht bebend
Das Geschöpf der Gruft entschwebend,
Und dem Richter Antwort gebend.

This excellent version rivals with that
of Schlegel.

A. C. DÖRING, 1821.

Tag des Zorns, wo Gott einst richtet,
Und die Welt in Gluth vernichtet,
Wie Propheten uns berichtet.

VON WESSENBERG, Hymn-book of Constance.

Furchtbar wird der Tag sich röthen,
Kund gethan von den Propheten,
Der die Welt in Staub wird treten.

W. A. SWOBODA, Prag, 1826.

Tag des Zornes, Tag der Klagen!
Zeit und Welt wirst du zerschlagen,
Wie uns die Propheten sagen.

J. A. SCHOLTZ, 1828.

Jener Tag in Zornes Fülle
Löst in Brand der Zeiten Hülle,
David zeugt's und die Sibylle.

J. C. W. NIEMEYER, Halle, 1833.

Jener Rachtetag der Sünden
Wird die Welt zu Asche zünden,
Wie Sibyll' und David künden.

CARL SMROCK, 1834.

Tag des Zornes, des Gerichtes!
Was von Staub in Flammen bricht es:
David und Sibylle spricht es.

MOHNIKE, 1834.

Tag des Zorns! in Flammenwehen
Wird die Welt zu Staub vergehen,
Wie Propheten längst gesehen.

FRANKE, 1839.

Einst am Richttag wird verschwinden
Zeit und Welt in Feuerschlünden,
Wie uns heil'ge Sänger künden.

ROBT LECCKE, 1842.

Jener Tag, wo God wird richten,
Soll die Welt zu Staub vernichten,
Wie Propheten uns berichten.

Lecke made and published at his own
expense, at Munich, 1842, no less than

twelve translations, which, however, do
not rise above mediocrity.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN, 1833.

Tag des Zorns, O Tag voll Grauen,
Da die Welt den Herrn soll schauen,
Nach dem Wort, dem wir vertrauen.

ALBERT KNAPP, 1850.

An dem Zorntag, an dem hohen,
Stürzt die Welt in Feuerlohen,
Wie Prophetenschwüre drohen.

If I mistake not, Knapp made another
version which is the basis of the one in
the Würtemberg Hymn Book, 1849:

Jenen Tag, den Tag der Wehen,
Wird die Welt im Staub vergehen,
Wie Prophetenspruch geschehen.

G. A. KÖNIGSFELD, 1847.

An dem Zorntag, jenem hehren,
Wird die Gluth das All verzehren,
Wie Sybill' und David lehren.

In his second collection of Latin hymns
with translations, published Bonn, 1865,
Königsfeld gives a revised version, chang-
ing the first line thus:

Jenen Zorntag, jenen schweren.

VON SELD. In Daniel's *Theol. Hymnol.*, II.
p. 110.

Zorn und Zittern bange Klag ist,
Wenn der letzte aller Tag ist,
Wie die alte heil'ge Sag ist.

H. A. DANIEL, 1855. 2 versions.

No. 1.

Tag des Zorns, du Tag der Fülle,
Kehrst die Welt in Staubgerülle—
So zeugt David und Sibylle.

No. 2.

David und Sibylla spricht:
Erd und Himmel bleiben nicht,
Wenn der jüngste Tag anbricht.

PHIL. SCHAFF, 1858. (German *Kirchenfreund*,
Mergersburg, Pa., vol. ix. p. 388, f. 2 ver-
sions.)

No. 1.

An dem Tag der Zornesflammen
Stürzt die Welt in Staub zusammen,
Nach dem Wort, das Ja und Amen.

No. 2.

An dem Tag der Zornesfülle
Sinkt die Welt in Aschenhülle:
So spricht David und Sibylle.

The best among these German versions
are those of Schlegel, Silbert, Bunsen,
Knapp and Daniel. But none of them
has become so popular as the free repro-
duction in the old German hymn: "*Es
ist gewisslich an der Zeit*," by Bartholo-
maeus Ringwaldt, 1582.

FRENCH VERSIONS.

The French language is poorly adapted for poetry in general, and especially of this solemn kind. I have seen but one French translation, by an anonymous author, in Lisco's "*Stabat Mater*," from an older print of 1702. It begins:

"O jour du Dieu vengeur, où pour punir les crimes
Un déluge brûlant sortira des abîmes,
Et le ciel s'armera de foudres et d'éclairs;

Quel trouble en tous les cœurs, quand ce juge
severe,
Lançant de toute part les traits de sa colère,
Sur un trône de feu paraîtra dans les airs !"

There is also a translation into modern Greek, by the Rev. Mr. Hildner, a missionary of the Church of England at Syra. It was first published in Tholuck's *Literary Advertiser* for 1842, and then by Daniel, *Thesaurus Hymnol.*, tom. ii. p. 105.

C A M I L L E .

BY THE COUNTESS DE GASPARI.

CHAPTER XX.

THE night of watching was long.

The cup was approaching her lips, she had already tasted its bitterness; now it must be drained to the dregs.

To-morrow! to-morrow!

Camille, kneeling, still saw the pale and angry face, the face to which she was about to bid adieu forever. And she had lost this heart!

Edgar also was going. His eyes, full of reproach, pursued her with their disappointed gaze.

Everywhere she had brought desolation, everywhere she had carried ruin. No strength was left her. She endured that apathy of grief which freezes our energies, arrests our prayers, and leaves us nought but suffering, as if all our faculties were summed up in a superhuman power of misfortune.

Then she remembered Gethsemane. She remembered the Christ's heaviness of spirit, his supplications, his "My God, not my will but thine be done!"

Her lips murmured the divine words—the cry of the terrors of the soul, and the shuddering of the will, the cry of dearly-bought victories, the filial cry, the confiding cry, the cry which brings from heaven the angels of consolation. She could say nought but this. But she soon felt that another was praying for her. She felt the all-powerful prayers of Christ, and the ineffable sighs of the Holy Ghost that intercedes for us day and night.

Her tears flowed slowly and gently. God permits us to weep.

Toward morning, while she was still

weeping, a light knock was heard. The door half opened, and Victor entered without her knowledge.

He stood for an instant before her motionless, and paler than if he had been stricken by death.

"You are weeping, Camille!" he exclaimed.

Camille started; she raised her dim eyes, but her lips did not utter a word.

"From those serene heights where your soul hovers, you deign to cast a calm glance on the wretch who is struggling in the tortures of death!"

Camille kept silence.

"You have felt for him the radiant pity of the seraphs?"

Camille let her head fall in her clasped hands.

Victor seized them. Unable longer to contain himself, he fell on his knees by her side.

"Forgive me, forgive me!" he cried. "You are suffering? Yes, she is suffering, it is true. Poor child!" He wiped away her tears. "Her head is burning! Camille, I have broken your heart!"

With the tenderness and touching gentleness of which Camille so well knew the power, he continued: "If you could love me, Camille; if you would trust in me; if you would wake from the frightful dream that is killing us both; if you would abandon yourself to the true God, the God that made your heart, the God that smiles on strong love; if you would leave to the dead those implacable, dead doctrines which I abhor!"

Camille shuddered.

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HOURS AT HOME:

A

Popular Monthly,

OF

INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

EDITED BY

J. M. SHERWOOD.

VOLUME VII.

May to October, 1868.

New-York:

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,

654 Broadway.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by
C. SCRIBNER & Co.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY,
81, 83, and 85 Centre Street.

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